

THE

Grand QUESTION debated:

W H E T H E R

HAMILTON's BAWN

BARRACK, OR A MALT-HOUSE.

According to the LONDON Edition, with NOTES.



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VOLUME *ONE* *BOOK*

The Preface to the English Edition.

THE Author of the following Poem, is said to be Dr. *S. D. S. P. D.* who writ it, as well as several other Copies of Verses of the like Kind, by Way of Amusement, in the Family of an honourable Gentleman in the North of *Ireland*, where he spent a Summer about two or three Years ago.

A certain very great Person, then in that Kingdom, having heard much of this Poem, obtained a Copy from the Gentleman, or as some say the Lady, in whose House it was written, from whence, I know not by what Accident, several others were transcribed, full of Errors. As I have a great Respect for the supposed Author, I have procured a true Copy of the Poem, the Publication whereof can do him less Injury than printing any of those incorrect ones, which run about in Manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the Press, if not thus prevented.

Some Expressions being peculiar to *Ireland*, I have prevailed on a Gentleman of that Kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several Explanations in their proper Places.

T H E

1.551

The Grand Question debated.

WHETHER

HAMILTON's * BAWN

Should be turn'd into a

BARRACK
OR A
MALTHOUSE.

THUS spoke to my Lady, the Knight full of
Care;

Let me have your Advice in a weighty
Affair.

This † HAMILTON's Bawn, while it sticks on my Hand,
I lose by the House what I get by the Land;

But

* A large old House two Miles from Sir A—— A——'s Seat.

† A BAWN was a Place near the House, inclos'd with Mud or
Stone Walls, to keep the Cattle from being stolen in the Night.
They are now little used.

But, how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,
For a *Barrack or *Malt-House*, we now must consider.

First, let me suppose, I make it a *Malt-House*,
Here I have computed the Profit will fall t' us.
There's nine Hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain,
I increase it to Twelve, so three Hundred remain.
A handsome Addition for Wine and good Cheap,
Three Dishes a Day, and three Hogsheads a Year;
With a Dozen large Vessels my Vault shall be stor'd,
No little scrub Joyn't shall come on my Board :
And you and the *Dean*, no more shall combine,
To stint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine,
Nor shall I for his Humour, permit you to purloin
A Stone and a half of Beef, from my Sirloin.

If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant.
My Dear, I have ponder'd again, and again on't:
In Poundage and Drawbacks, I lose half my Rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the Court in ev'ry Debate,
And rather than that, I wou'd lose my Estate.

Thus ended the Knight : Thus began his *meek* Wife,
It must, and it shall, be a *Barrack*, my Life.
I'm grown a meer Mopus; no Company comes,
But a rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull * Rumms ;

With

* The Army in *Ireland*, is lodg'd in strong Buildings over the whole Kingdom, call'd *Barracks*.

* A cant Word in *Ireland* for a poor Country Clergyman.

With *Parsons*, what Lady can keep herself clean ?
 I'm all over dawb'd, when I sit by the *Dean*.
 But, if you will give us a *Barrack*, my Dear,
 The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here :
 I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw,
 For, the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in Awe ;
 Or, should he pretend to be brisk and *alert*,
 Will tell him that Chaplains must not be so pert :
 That, Men of his Coat should be minding their Prayers,
 And, not among Ladies to give themselves Airs.

Thus argu'd my *Lady*, but argu'd in Vain :
 The Knight his Opinion, resolv'd to maintain.

But * *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that had past,
 And cou'd not endure so vulgar a Taste ;
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be Dreft,
 " Cry'd Madam, why sure, my Master's possest.
 " Sir *A---r* the Maltster, how fine it will sound ?
 " I'd rather the *BAWN* were sunk under Ground.
 " But Madam, I guest there wou'd never come Good,
 " When I saw him so often with † *Darby* and *Wood*.
 " And now my Dream's out : For I was a-dream'd
 " That I saw a huge Rat: O dear, how I scream'd!
 " And after, me thought, I lost my new Shoes;
 " And, *Molly*, she said, I shou'd hear some ill News.
 " Dear

* My Lady's waiting Woman. † Two of Sir *A*'s Managers

" Dear Madam, had you but the Spirit to tease,
 " You might have a *Barrack* whenever you please.
 " And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 " That for Twenty Denials, you wou'd not give out.
 " If I had a Husband like him, I *purtest*,
 " 'Till he gave me my Will, I wou'd give him no Rest:
 " And rather than come in the same pair of Sheets
 " With such a cross Man, I wou'd lye in the Streets.
 " But Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 " And worry him out, 'till he gives his Consent.
 " Dear Madam, whene'er of a *Barrack* I think,
 " An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a Wink.
 " For, if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
 " I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain.
 " I fancy already a *Barrack* contriv'd
 " At HAMILTON's *Bawn*, and the Troop is arriv'd.
 " Of this, to be sure, Sir *A----r* has warning,
 " And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next Morning.
 " Now, see, when they meet, how their Honour's behave,
 " Noble *Captain*, your Servant----Sir *A--* your Slave;
 " You honour me much----the Honour is mine,----
 " 'Twas a sad rainy Night---but the Morning is fine:---
 " Pray, how does my Lady?--My Wife's at your Service.---
 " I think I have seen her Picture by *Jervis*.----
 " Good

• Good Morrow, good *Captain*--I'll wait on you down,--
 " You shan't stir a Foot--You'll think me a Clown,---
 " For all the World *Captain*, not half an Inch farther---
 " You must be obey'd,---your Servant, Sir *A*--
 " My humble Respects to my Lady unknown.---
 " I hope you will use my House as your own.

Go bring me my Smock, and leave off your prate,
 Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.

" Pray Madam, be quiet; what was it I said? ---
 " You had like to have put it quite out of my Head.
 " Next Day, to be sure, the *Captain* will come,
 " At the Head of his Troop, with Trumpet and Drum:
 " Now, Madam, observe, how he marches in State:
 " The Man with the Kettle-drum enters the Gate;
 " Dub, dub, a-dub, dub. The Trumpeters follow,
 " Tantara, tantara, while all the Boys hollow.
 " See, now comes the *Captain* all dawb'd with goldLace:
 " O law! the sweet Gentleman! look in his Face;
 " And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
 " With the fine flaming Sword that he holds in his Hand;
 " And, his Horse, the dear *Creter*, it prances and rears,
 " With Ribbins in Knots, at it's Tail and it's Ears:
 " At last comes the Troop, by the Word of Command,
 " Drawn up in ourCourt, when the *Captain* cries, ST AND.

" You

" Your *Ladyship* lifts up the Sash to be seen,
 " (For sure, I had *dizzen'd* you out like a *Queen* :)
 " The *Captain*, to fiew he is proud of the Favour,
 " Looks up to your Window, and cocks up his Beaver.
 " (His Beaver is cockt; Pray, Madam, mark that,
 " For, a *Captain* of Horse never takes off his Hat ;
 " Because he has never a Hand that is idle ;
 " For, the Right holds the Sword, and the Left holds
 the Bridle,)
 " Then flourishes thrice his Sword in the Air,
 " As a Compliment due to a Lady so fair.
 " How I tremble to think of the Blood it hath spilt !
 " Then he low'rs down the Point, and kisses the Hilt.
 " Your *Ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin,
 " Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to light, and walk in ;
 " The *Captain* salutes you with Congee profound ;
 " And your *Ladyship* Curchyes half way to the Ground.
 " *Kit*, run to your Master, and bid him come to us.
 " I'm sure he'll be proud of the Honour you do us,
 " And, *Captain*, you'll do us the favour to stay,
 " And take a short Dinner here with us to-Day :
 " You're heartily Welcome. But as for good Chear,
 " You come in the very worst Time of the Year;

Had

“ If I had expected so worthy a Guest :—
 “ Lord! Madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest ;
 “ You banter me, Madam, the Kingdom must grant—
 “ You Officers, *Captain*, are so complaisant.

Hift, Huzzy, I think I hear some-body coming —
 No, Madam ; 'tis only Sir A — a humming.

“ To shorten my Tale, (for I hate a long Story,)
 “ The *Captain* at Dinner appears in his Glory ;
 “ The *Dean* and the † *Doctor* have humbled their Pride,
 “ For the *Captain's* entreated to sit by your Side ;
 “ And, because he's their *Betters*, you carve for him first.
 “ The *Parsons*, for Envy, are ready to burst :
 “ The Servants amaz'd, are scarce ever able,
 “ To keep off their Eyes, as they wait at the Table ;
 “ And, *Molly* and I have thrust in our Nose,
 “ To peep at the *Captain*, in all his fine *Cloas* :
 “ Dear Madam be sure, he's a fine spoken Man,
 “ Do but hear on the Clergymen how his Tongue ran ;
 “ And, Madam says he, if such Dinners you give,
 “ You'll never want *Parsons* as long as you live ;
 “ I ne'er knew a *Parson* without a good Nose,
 “ But, the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes :

† *Doctor Jenny*, a Clergyman in the Neighbourhood.

" G--- d--- me, they bid us reform and repent,
 " But Z---s, by their Looks, they never keep Lent :
 " Mister *Curate*, for all your grave Looks, I'm afraid,
 " You cast a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyship's Maid ;
 " I wish she wou'd lend you her pretty white Hand,
 " In mending your Caslock, and smoothing your Band :
 " (For the *Dean* was so shabby, and look'd like a *Ninny* ,
 " That, the *Captain* suppos'd he was *Curate* to *Jenny* .)
 " Whenever you see a Caslock and Gown,
 " A Hundred to One, but it covers a Clown ;
 " Observe how a *Parson* comes into a Room,
 " G--- d--- me, he hobbles as bad as my Groom ;
 " A *Scholar* when just from his College broke loose,
 " Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a *Goose* ;
 " Your * *Novels*, and *Blutraks*, and *Omurs* and Stuff,
 " By G--- they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.
 " To give a young Gentleman right Education,
 " The Army's the only good School in the Nation ;
 " My School Master call'd me a *Dunce* and a *Fool* ,
 " But, at Cuffs I was always the *Cock* of the School ;
 " I never cou'd take to my Book for the Blood o'me,
 " And the Puppy confess'd, he expected no good o'me.
 " Now Madam, you'll think it a strange Thing to say,
 " But, the sight of a Book makes me sick to this Day.
 " Never

“Never since I was born did I hear so much Wit,
 “And, Madam, I laugh’d till I thought I shou’d split.
 “So, then you look’d scornful, and snif at the Dean,
 “As, who shou’d say, *Now, am * I Skinny and Lean?*
 “But, he durst not so much as once open his Lips,
 “And, the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the Hips.

Thus, merciless *Hannah* ran on in her Talk,
 Till she heard the *Dean* call; *Will your Ladyship walk?*
 Her *Ladyship* answers, I’m just coming down,
 Then, turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a Frown,
 Altho’ it was plain, in her Heart she was glad,
 Cry’d, Huz’ y, why sure the Wench is gone mad:
 How cou’d these *Chimeraes* get into your Brains?—
 Come hither, and take this old Gown for your Pains.
 But, the *Dean*, if this Secret shou’d come to his Ears,
 Will never have done with his Gibes and his Jeers:
 For your Life, not a Word of the Matter, I charge ye:
 Give me but a *Barrack*, a Fig for the *Clergy*.

• Nick Names for my Lady:

F I N I S.

The

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The Publisher to the
R E A D E R:

THE following *ODE*,
(being supposed to be
by the same Author)
having been formerly prin-
ted, and received with uni-
versal Applause, and being
very scarce, I am confident,
the Publick will be oblig'd to
me for re-printing it.

102564
HORACE BOOK I.

ODE XIV.

O navis, referent, &c.

Paraphrased and Inscribed to Ir—d.

The INSCRIPTION.

*Poor floating Isle, tost on ill Fortune's Waves,
Ordain'd by Fate to be the Land of S---s :
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand,
Thou, fixt of old, be now the moving Land?
Altho' the Metaphor be worn and stale
Betwixt a State, and Vessel under Sail;
Let me suppose thee for a Ship a while,
And thus address thee in the Sailor Stile.*



Printed in the Year MDCCXXXII.

1966

1966

1966

1966

666

HORACE BOOK I.

ODE IV.

1. **U**NHAPPY Ship, thou art return'd in
vain:
New Waves shall drive thee to the Deep
again.

Look to thy Self, and be no more the Sport
2. Of giddy Winds, but make some friendly Port.
3. Lost are thy Oars that us'd thy Course to guide,
Like faithful Counsellors on either Side.
4. Thy Mast, which like some aged Patriot stood
The single Pillar for his Country's Good,
To lead thee, as a Staff directs the Blind,
Behold, it cracks by yon rough *Eastern* Wind.

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi*
Fluctus: 2. — Fortiter occupa

Portum:

3. *Nudum remigio latus.*

4. — *Malus celeri faucius Africae*

5. *Yout*

5. Your Cable's burst, and you must quickly feel
 The Waves impetuous entring at your Keel.
 Thus, Commonwealths receive a foreign Yoke,
 When the strong Cords of Union once are broke.

6. Torn by a sudden Tempest is thy Sail,
 Expanded to invite a milder Gale.

As when some Writer in a publick Cause,
 His Pen to save a sinking Nation draws,
 While all is Calm, his Arguments prevail,
 The People's Vice expand his Paper Sail ;
 'Till Pow'r discharging all her stormy Bags,
 Flutters the feeble Pamphlet into Rags.
 The Nation scar'd, the Author doom'd to Death,
 Who fondly put his Trust in pop'lar Breath.

A larger Sacrifice in Vain you vow ;

7. There's not a Pow'r above will help you now :

5. ————— Ac sine funibus

Vix durare carinæ

Possint imperiosius

Æquor ?

6. Non tibi sunt integra linteas

7. Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

(17)

A Nation thus, who oft Heav'n's Call neglects,
In Vain from injur'd Heav'n Relief expects.

8. 'Twill not avail, when thy strong Sides are broke,
That thy Descent is from the *British* Oak :
Or when your Name and Family you boast,
From Fleets triumphant o'er the *Gallick* Coast.
Such was *Ierne's* Claim, as just as thine,
Her Sons descended from the *British* Line ;
Her matchless Sons ; whose Valour still remains,
On *French* Records for twenty long Campains ;
Yet from an Empress, now a Captive grown,
She sav'd *Britannia's* Right, and lost her own.

9. In Ships decay'd no Mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded Stern, and painted Sides.
Yet, at a Ball, unthinking Fools delight
In the gay Trappings of a Birth-Day Night :
They on the Gold Brocades and Satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their Country was enslav'd.

8. Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvae filia nobilis.

9. Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus.

10. Dear Vessel, still be to thy Steerage just,
 Nor, change thy Course with ev'ry sudden Gust :
 Like supple Patriots of the modern Sort,
 Who turn with ev'ry Gale that blows from Court.

11. Weary and Sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
 Now, for thy Safety Cares distract my Mind,
 As those who long have stood the Storms of State,
 Retire, yet still bemoan their Country's Fate.
 Beware, and when you hear the Surges roar,
 Avoid the Rocks on *Britain's* angry Shore :
 They lye, alas ! too easy to be found,
 For thee alone they lye the Island round.

10. Fidit tu, nisi ventis

Debes ludibrium, cave.

11. Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,

Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,

Interfusa nitentes

Vites æquora Cycladas.

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